

## TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL.

By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.  
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FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT  
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The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraph report of that great news organization for the exclusive afternoon publication in Topeka.

The news is received in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

Now that Mark Twain has accepted the presidency of the Anti-Noise society it will be in order for him to wear more modest clothes.

Kansas may well be proud of the way her banks weathered the recent financial storm. Only two of them were forced to close their doors permanently. These were small ones at that.

Following the examples set by the high and mighty in the land, a Wichita councilman took occasion the other evening to call the mayor that "shorter and uglier" word. There was no bloodshed. Neither was any attempted.

Is not this the limit? A cell in a prison at Remsburg was "raided" and in it was found to be a well equipped counterfeiter's workshop, where a long term prisoner busied himself with making spurious money. But that is not all. This bad money was put into circulation by some of the minor officials of the prison.

Perhaps it is most pertinent to inquire what is to be gained or what is the necessity for the county conventions to pass resolutions instructing delegates to the state conventions to stand for certain candidates for governor when the conventions are not to have a hand in nominating candidates for this or any other office?

Unless the trustees interfere, eight fashionable churches of Boston, comfortably warmed and lighted, will be opened as night shelters for the homeless unemployed. This causes the New York World to truly remark that "there are few works of man more useless for six days in the week than the big church kept shut, cold and dark between Sundays."

Not many newspaper men would balk at the assignment which has been given Frederick C. Penfield to be the husband of Mrs. Anna Weighman Walker, whose fortune is estimated at \$80,000,000. And the lady is to be congratulated for honoring one of the craft with her hand rather than decorating herself with a coronet and title, as many with her means would have been apt to do.

How times have changed. Not so many years ago had Indians of different tribes become as excited as did Senator Charles Curtis and Senator Robert L. Owen during their debate in the senate chamber a couple of days ago, the result would have been the gory scalp of one dangling from the belt of the other. But the result was a friendly handshake. Thus are the powers of civilization over the savage exemplified.

Roselle, N. J., has devised back to ordinariness of the vintage of 1874 by means of which it is proposed to put a stop to activities of all sorts on Sunday. There is one novel feature to these blue laws that is not a part of those in other sections of the country which are being enforced just now. Should an offender object to arrest and use profane language he is subject to a fine of 50 cents for every "cuss" word that he utters.

As was expected the investigation of the construction of the U. S. battleships which was brought about by the scathing criticism of their faultiness that was made by one Reuterdahl, a landscape and marine artist, has brought to light that these criticisms are farcical and hardly worth the paper they were written on. For Mr. Reuterdahl's own sake, it is to be hoped that he knows more about brushes and paint pots than he does about naval construction.

And now the Pittsburg minister who married Alice Thaw to the Earl of Yarmouth jumps into the limelight. He gets his notoriety by declaring that the wedding of the rich and the poor was carried out by the florist, the undertaker, and that the clergyman has come to be a mere nothing, necessary of course, but sandwiched in any old place. Plenty of other ministers who are not averse to a little prominence will endorse these views.

There's now a chance for everyone to be a hero. Governor Folk, of Missouri, has declared that the man who lives for his country is as patriotic as he who dies for it. But how many are there who will take the opportunity to gain fame in this way?

Governor Hughes, of New York, has been asked to remove the theatrical William Travers Jerome from the office of district attorney of New York county. Twenty-two specific charges have

been filed against Mr. Jerome in which he is accused of having failed to prosecute the rich and influential grafters who have robbed the city and its people through the medium of the ice trust, the insurance companies, and the more recent transactions in the street railroad properties. The charges are formidable ones and it will be recalled that Asa Bird Gardiner was removed from the same office by Mr. Roosevelt when he was governor of New York on charges that were not half so serious.

## A SATURDAY SERMON.

When they were filled, he said unto his disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.—John 6:12.

New York's famous "bread line" toward the turn on Broadway, near Grace church, in which line hundreds of hungry men stand at midnight on the chance of receiving a stale loaf of bread, appeals to the popular imagination. It has its counterpart at other points in New York city, and in other great cities of the land; especially in times of distress. A most interesting "bread line," is that of more than five thousand hungry persons who were lined up and fed on a hillside overlooking the Sea of Galilee by the great Nazarene teacher, two thousands years ago. Picturesque, impressive, moving, miraculous—the scene has gripped the imagination of painter, student and people, even as it laid such strong hold of the minds of all four evangelists that they have in common only this one of all the miracles of old.

As the hurried, harried, overwrought business man of today seeks a few days of rest at mountain, lake or seaside, so Christ and his followers planned a quiet "retreat" for themselves. One reason was that the twelve had just returned from a taxing missionary tour of Galilee. Their leader had said, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest a while; for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat." The importance of quiet times in the life of his servants was clearly perceived by Jesus; and these words are still in force.

There was another reason why Christ sought seclusion from the clamorous, uncomprehending crowd. A great sorrow had come upon him, an event of deep significance to his life and to his ministry. His kinsman and herald, John the Baptist, had been decapitated by Herod. What this meant to the sensitive spirit of Mary's Son even a dull imagination can partially comprehend. He had lost his great witness and his friend. Because of him John had died. This great sorrow overshadowed his spirit, making of slight importance the fact that he, too, had to flee from the jealous Herod's jurisdiction.

As a wounded deer seeks the densest wood, so the smitten heart of Jesus sought solitude in his grief. Right here entered another duty, and a higher; for even He may not cherish his own sorrow above the world's need. True grief is so holy that it dare not be selfish. The multitude pursued Jesus, whose hand and heart had been proved to be of such helpfulness to men's varied needs. Their motive was selfish, but their want was real. The miracles had brought to each man a hint of possible succor for his own peculiar need.

That spectacle was irresistible. All thought of his own grief and of the needs of himself and followers was submerged, in the mind of Jesus, by the sicknesses, griefs and ignorance of this clamant host.

There is a great deal of nebulous humanitarianism in the world today. Some would offer it as a substitute for Christianity. Let it be remembered that it was in Christ that this spirit was manifested; and that even today it is best found among those who bear his name. Where his spirit does not permeate and dominate, the great works of charity and benevolence will be looked for in vain. Heathenism builds no asylums, hospitals or soup kitchens; neither does agnosticism or infidelity. Then, as now, human need touches deeply the divine heart.

Where help is, the needy resort, be it a soup-kitchen for the hungry, a doctor's office for the sick, a church for the spiritually needy. That is why the miscellaneous multitude, with their varying wants, dogged the footsteps of Jesus. And, as all humanity is tethered by a short chain to the elemental needs of nature, all the assortment of desires that this crowd pressed upon the Bountiful One, resolved themselves later into a desire for food.

Every year is witnessed the wonder of a grain of wheat made into many, plus stalks and roots and leaves. That is called, and the subsequent processes in mill and kitchen that produce the bread we eat, "natural," and such a quick increase as went on in this present instance, when five loaves fed five thousand, a "miracle."

Jesus could multiply loaves—yet he carefully saved the food left over from the feast. The pinch of today is a bitter reminder to many of the waste of yesterday. Thrift is not a denial of faith, but an expression of it.

## CROOKS SHOULD STAY HERE.

Witout, the bigamist, who left behind him in America no fewer than thirty-nine wives, according to his own story, has been caught in England and sentenced to seven years for bigamy and five years for fraud, a total of twelve years. In this country he committed one of these crimes several times a year and he was probably guilty of fraud still more frequently. Nothing very serious happened to him here, however.

So it was with Whitaker Wright. He was a high financier of the most approved American type and operated for a long time in New York and Philadelphia. Then he went to England and tried the same business scheme there and was sentenced to seven years in prison. To escape the punishment he took cyanide of potassium and died on leaving the court room. If he had con-

tinued in New York he might have been one of the gentlemen who saved the country during the recent financial panic.

## A POLITICAL CLASSIC.

"But after all it seems to me an administration should be judged so far as appointments are concerned by the kind of people put into office and not by those who were not appointed." This was the reply of a man who got the jobs are fit for them and serve the state well. Not one man in a thousand expects a job and they are not worrying very much. I think, over the disgruntled fellows who are disappointed because they didn't "get something."

—Paragraph from Governor Hoch's letter to Editor Alvah Sheldon, taken from the letter reprinted by the State Journal Thursday from the Walnut Valley Times.

## JOURNAL ENTRIES

Hope is the bread of the unhappy, says a German proverb.

Giving advice is more popular than giving help because it is so much easier.

Girls don't object to fellows being bears if they are of the hugging variety.

Besides the glory in the fact that every boy may be chosen president of his class, the danger that he may be nominated for vice president.

The man who complains of having to walk the floor all night with a baby should thank his stars that he does not live in Greenland where the nights are six months long.

## JAYHAWKER JOTS

Experts from Washington are going to meet the Heaman fly at Wellington.

Winfield men look at their tax receipts and then swear vengeance on the officers at the helm.

A newspaper reporter has been appointed chief of police in Wichita and the bad folks are likely to be arrested and written up.

Lawrence is worked up over the Vandell murder trial. This is the first thing occurring of deep interest in the middle and neglect to pay their bills.

"About as near as some men ever get to being aristocrats," remarks the Howard Courier, "is to part their hair in the middle and neglect to pay their bills."

In Coffeyville a negro was bitten by his wife and he sought a madstone on the theory, we presume, that his wife was mad or she wouldn't have done it.

The truth about the "kissing kid" of Chanute has come out at last. The girl dared him to kiss her and he "dast" although her father had him arrested for it.

The Liberal News, after thinking and thinking, decides that all the town needs to make it grow faster is about fourteen railroads, all with headquarters there.

It must be confessed that the deplorable alcohol idea, has not gained much headway in Kansas when citizens drink it for a beverage as the Kingman negro did.

Some diabolical person in the composing room of the Kiowa County Journal took the word "for" out of a leading editorial last week, and made the editor announce: "We have spent the greater portion of our time on earth in working the people of Kiowa county in a newspaper capacity."

Two young lady school teachers of Falun visited in Salina and missed the train they intended taking to return to Falun, which is fourteen miles from Salina. They did not cry about it but bravely "hoofed" it the entire distance. It takes more than a missed train to discourage a Kansas school teacher.

While running down Edinburg hill a Central Branch item in the Concordia Blade, a drunken Indian fell off the train. The train stopped, and was backed up to pick up the mangled remains of the noble red man who instead of being dead started to fight with his rescuers. All of which indicates that it is more difficult to save something worthless than something of value.

Lieutenant Glen Edgerton of Manhattan is not the only Kansan who has been head of his class at West Point. Major Joseph Kuhn of Leavenworth was also honor man.

Major Kuhn is an engineer officer. He was born in 1864. His father was a blacksmith. Major Kuhn received his early education in the Leavenworth public schools. He was appointed a cadet to West Point in 1881 and was graduated at the head of his class in 1885.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

It's a poor cook who isn't able to make good.

The city may be an abode to be tolerated for means of livelihood, in the estimation of the one fond of fishing and hunting. It may be a prison to the one whose heart is torn by the thought of the weather.

Isn't it queer how smart we think people are who agree with us?

A woman never gets too old or too ugly to be interested in a wedding.

A brook is like a woman; it wouldn't babble so much if it kept its mouth shut.

Some men seem to have that dire disease known as spring fever all the year around.

Remember, young man, that a little encouragement during leap year is a dangerous thing.

A man who is looking for trouble has only to say a few words pertaining to the relative worth of his mother and wife.

## REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

[From the New York Press.]

A widow has a very coy way of liking a man to smell of tobacco.

The trouble with marrying for money is the job always proves to be worth more than it pays.

A man could make himself very useful by inventing some new excuse for staying out late at night.

A woman thinks another is sly when she goes to church in a new gown she didn't tell about beforehand.

Lots more girls would get married, earlier if it didn't take them so long to get over thinking they can stay.

## KANSAS COMMENT

## CURE FOR IMMORALITY.

It is very gratifying to observe the trend and tendency of strong and thoughtful minds toward the subject of immorality and the solution of many problems by the application of scientific principles. In New York where it gets its tightest grip upon youth, there is a concerted effort, among leading people, to check the growth of vice in its many forms and to keep it under control with the ultimate purpose of stamping it out entirely, and not only freeing the young people from the burden it puts on them but arming them with a moral force scientifically created, to throw them off before they become fastened upon them.

Rev. Charles L. Cleveland of Ringwood, New Jersey, suggests that if a proper knowledge of self and sex were legally enforced to be imparted to every boy and girl, either by their school instructors or by individuals whose knowledge of this subject was sound and rational, and who were especially deputed to explain to the pupils of our public schools, in a strictly scientific and intelligent way, the sanitary and moral necessity of the treatment, the reckless disregard of morality which characterizes many young men of the present day would be eliminated and the people would be lifted into a higher sphere of life.

A realization of what they are and by the moralizing effects of absolute knowledge.

A suggestion is a good one, and it is hoped that it will be adopted by the adoption among the men and women of the land, who have consecrated themselves to the cause of pure individuality, better government and a more wholesome citizenship.—Wichita Eagle.

## FRENCH FINES AND DAMAGES.

The case of Boni de Castellane and Prince de Sagan in the French courts would make the plot to a fine comic opera, and doubt some comedy writer will utilize it.

Two nobles met in church and at the conclusion of the funeral services of a relative which took them there, they had a regular fist fight.

They roll over in the mud of the gutter and Count Boni spits in the face of the prince. Delicious nobility!

Then comes the noble duello. But the character of the prince is such that the count can not bemirch his escutcheon by meeting him on the field of honor, and if he could, yet to the prince so fallen that no one can be so much as to touch him.

This is Boni's representation. Ye gods, think of it. A prince so low as to be below such a scoundrel as America knows.

The next scene takes us to court where the merits of the case are heard. The facts are recited and the judge eager to do exact justice, sums up the case in a few words.

The grand Prince de Sagan of France is fined twenty cents. Let the curtain fall.—Wichita Beacon.

## FROM OTHER PENS

## POWER OF COMMISSIONS.

A law clothing an administrative commission with power to regulate the conduct of the public utility companies for their service has been held unconstitutional by the New York court of appeals; but the very grounds of the decision confirm the right of the legislature to regulate the public utility companies. The rate attacked in the present case was one fixed by the now defunct state commission of gas and electricity and affecting a company operating in the United States outside during the time that the commission was in existence.

The law in question provided that rates made under like conditions. The law in question provided that rates made under like conditions. The law in question provided that rates made under like conditions.

The court, however, does not stand for the principle so strongly insisted upon by the public utility companies that a discussion of the rate bill, that an appeal must lie in every instance and from every order of an administrative commission to the judicial tribunals.

As a matter of fact, the public utility companies are not to be regulated by the courts, but by the legislature. The rate-making power is a legislative function, and the courts have no right to interfere with it.

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## THE STUDENT OF THE WEATHER.

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## A PUZZLER.

He struggled down the slippery street. He had hard work to keep his feet. He struck a very hard spot.

He looked for help. He found it not. His heels went up and he went down.—The shock it simply jarred the town.

And everybody laughed!

She started to take up the fish that she had fried; reached for the dish—

Watched the fish so dutifully browned—

She raised the dish, but it was hot! It fell and smashed upon the spot—

And everybody laughed!

He started down the subway stairs. When something caught him unawares. He stubbed his toe, or caught his heel, He slipped up on an orange peel.

He turned a summersault, and thump! He landed with an awful bump.

And everybody laughed!

The bald man suffered with a fly; The lady left a coin on the eye; The wrong way to—Ta-ra-ra-ra—

The judge went by with every tread, A snow-slide squashed upon his head.

And everybody laughed!

Now, please, will some one tell me why We laugh at times as if we'd die? Why should we suffer pain and grief? Why should we have our heads so high? In short, when everything's awry Will some one kindly tell me why?

Should everything be laugh?—Somerville Journal.

## THE EVENING STORY

Gilson's Little Girl.

(By Lulu Johnson.)

"My little girl," Gilson called her to himself, and of all in the human tide that twice a day swept through the gates of that section of the city.

The gateman liked best the little blue-eyed girl. She reminded him so strongly of that other little blue-eyed girl who, in a happier day, had

greeted his coming and going, and had called him "father."

That was before the tunnel wreck three years back, when they had carried her and her mother home—two victims of the worst disaster the road had ever known.

The claim agent had learned that Gilson was without work and had

visited him with a life insurance agent on the big station. Ever since then Thomas Gilson had

watched the tide of humanity ebb and flow through the iron gates and had found solitude in the crowd.

Until the blue-eyed girl had come, not quite three months before, he had

looked indifferently at the hurrying throng, busy with their own

punch kept time to the dull monotonous of the announcer's megaphonic voice.

Then one night he glanced up into the face of a girl like his own dead daughter, that his punch dropped

from his nerveless hands and he held them forth yearningly if unconsciously.

The ring of the metal on the concrete pavement roused him. His hands dropped to his side and he took up his dull routine of inspecting

the grimy train, with its smoke-stained wheels, and its old-fashioned tracks held a new interest for him.

The monthly ticket which she presented and new and prosaically

her a recruit to the army of workers who daily took their places in the city's commercial field, and he knew

that each night he should see her come down the stairs and

toward the gate.

Later, when she learned that the regular commuters never displayed

their tickets, she would perhaps give him the little card of friendly

recognition that the more experienced always vouchsafed the

guardian of the gate. Gilson's memory for faces was not good.

It was not long before Gilson "got her train." She came in at the 8:27 and he hurried to catch

the 8:45. Sometimes she was late and missed that train, having to wait for the 7:18, and thereby missing also

her dinner.

She never went out for dinner when she missed the earlier train, but

sat in the great marble waiting room. Gilson, quick to deduce, knew that

the money she earned was so sorely needed that she would not spare

the sum that would buy an extra meal in town.

The old gentleman did not go to duty until 8 o'clock in the morning, but he was always there now he

of apparent concern. "Orders are to close the gate on signal."

"I've gone through lots of times," she reminded him. "They don't start until the passengers are all on. Often I've just made it. You used to be obliging. Now I shall have to wait for the 7:18; more than an hour. I shall report you to the office."

"Duty," murmured Gilson, trying to look properly regretful, for he saw Metcalf passing through the swinging doors of the waiting room.

"I shall report you just the same," declared the little girl, as she turned away to come face to face with Metcalf.

"Lost your train?" cried Metcalf, after a moment's pause.

"That is a shame! The service on this road is a disgrace. There is not another train, that stops at your station, for over an hour!"

"I am not in the habit of discussing my inconveniences with strangers," declared the little girl, with a toss of her head as she moved away.

Gilson followed, and as Gilson moved over to the other gate where the express was made up, he smiled in satisfaction. For had he not heard

her declare that, angry or no, she must come through the street for a cup of tea and a bite to eat?

The hour had nearly expired before they came into the concourse again, and Gilson's face fairly glowed as he caught the look of happiness in their eyes.

The train had been called, and the gate was open, but the little girl did not rush to the train.

"You did it on purpose," she accused smilingly as she laid a gentle hand on Gilson's sleeve. "Report to think you must have thought me a little crazy."

"Duty to close the gate when the signal is given," said Gilson mechanically, but the little girl saw only the twinkle in his eye, and she turned herself upon the tips of her little patent leathers.

"It's all right again, thanks to you," she whispered. "We will be married after Easter, and you must come to the wedding."

Blushingly she hurried through the gate. Metcalf pressed the toll-worn

button, and the train started. Gilson, watching them go down the platform through the film of